The Bystander, October 25, 1916.—No. 673. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

Camera Portrait *Lallie Charles*

MRS. ERIC LONG

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hague Cook, who was married last Saturday to Captain Eric Long (Wiltshire Yeomanry), son of the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, P.C., M.P., President of the Local Government Board

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

"A Mistake of the Kaiser's"

An interesting sidelight on the real position of things in Germany is afforded in a report of a speech by the Chancellor. "He had," he said, "been reproached concerning the Kaiser's letter to President Wilson of September, 1914, regarding the use by the French of dum-dum bullets. He admitted that this letter was a mistake of the Kaiser's." This was received by "loud and prolonged laughter." As the lie was used at the time to "justify" the Germans in all sorts of villainies and bestialities, the "laughter" is characteristic. But that the All-Highest should be laughed at loud and long, after two and a quarter years of glorious and by-God-assisted warfare, is significant. Are the Germans growing *blasés* about the glories of war and the fantasies of warlords? Do they laugh because at last even the All-Highest's Imperial Chancellor shows signs of being "fed-up"? I daresay were any of us allowed loose in Berlin we should be surprised at the extent of disillusionment and the shortage of enthusiasm.

Photograph *Pietzner*

THE LATE COUNT STUERGKH

Austrian Prime Minister, assassinated on October 21 by Herr Adler, editor of the Vienna "Arbeiter Zeitung"

Truth for the Germans

The accounts which the *Berliner Tageblatt* is publishing of life in London are, on the whole, accurate—if we are can believe that of anything published in Germany. The *Tageblatt* has so large a sale that it is the nightmare of Prussian bureaucracy. What will the Tirpitz-Reventlow people say when it is revealed unto them that two years of frightfulness have not left the slightest visible trace on the face of the metropolis, and that the war has acted on it as a brightening influence, giving to drab masculinity the touch of colour and gallantry that has at last brought it level with—and one up on—femininity?

The Weak Spot

Our national passion for tea seems to impress our visitor more than ever, and he offers to the Terrible Counts the suggestion that the only way to bring England to her knees is to cut off her teas. Far be it from me to encourage the enemy, but I really believe the *Tageblatt* man has got hold of the secret at last.

Go to ——

People who are inclined to cavil at the further darkening of London should try a night or two in one or other of the cities or towns of Yorkshire. I have just returned from one of these, and I can place it on record that I spent a whole evening in a populous centre without setting eyes on the countenance of a single one of the thousand or so passers-by. Compared with this London is a blaze of brilliance.

Lèse Journalisme

I hold no brief for the late Austrian Premier, who has been assassinated, but I don't know that one ought to be altogether pleased that he has been shot by a journalist. The noble profession to which I belong, though fairly productive of criminal types, has hitherto been free from assassins. Armed with the mightier weapon, it is almost a confession of professional failure to draw the sword upon a political enemy. It is also an offence against the sacred person of the journalist himself, for having shot Count Stuergkh, Herr Adler won't be able any more to write about him—or anybody else. I think the Vienna Society of Journalists ought to expel him from membership. Incidentally, I doubt if the mere removal of an Austrian Premier will help Austria much. It merely means that Count Tisza or some even more pronouncedly Germanised person will step into his shoes.

Garvin or ——?

Is Mr. J. L. Garvin out of England just now? Last Sunday's four-column war article in the *Observer* seemed to bear the trace of another hand. There was an absence of the usual fine fantasy and an atmosphere of close and careful reasoning. One also ran against several of the ideas of Mr. Winston Churchill—particularly as to the employment of African and Indian troops in eastern warfare. A somewhat Winstonian scepticism as to the utility of continuing the Somme operations was noticed, and a decidedly Winstonian pessimism as to the general course of the campaign. According to the *Observer*, there's precious little doing on any of

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

the fronts that gives prospect of decision this year—or next. The only theatre where real movements are in progress is the Rumanian, and there the enemy has the initiative. The writer also believes invasion of England to be quite on the cards. Altogether a nice bright little Sunday morning dissertation of the kind that must have inspired quite a large number of persons to seek consolation in church.

Bumble Must Go!

The law's an ass, but it's the embodiment of human wisdom as compared with Local Authority. In some cases the Tribunal shows preposterous leniency, in others pitiless severity and persecution. But what had Bumble and Chadband done, before the great war, to lead even the Government to suppose that they had changed since the days of Dickens? Was it not already known to everybody that if you want to get a blend of ignorance, stupidity, envy, hatred, and malice, the place to look for it is in Little Pedlington? After the war there must be another B.M.G. movement—Bumble Must Go!—and the sole qualification for membership of any local authority must be complete ignorance of the locality and the dwellers therein.

The Civil Service Mind

Another type of mind that must be subjected to drastic treatment is the Civil Service mind. Its possessors, whose sole business throughout life has been attention to minute detail, have contrived in the war to make such a mountain-range of petty muddles that one would like to see their places taken by "unpractical" people, such as artists, poets, and philosophers, who couldn't possibly be worse.

A Book of Bungles

In this connection it is to be hoped that everybody who has been the victim of official stupidity will keep careful records, in order that, after the war, there may be compiled a National Book of Bungles, in which shall be engraven for all time the names of all who have been guilty of them, whether they be high personages or low, and in order that such things may not happen in the next war.

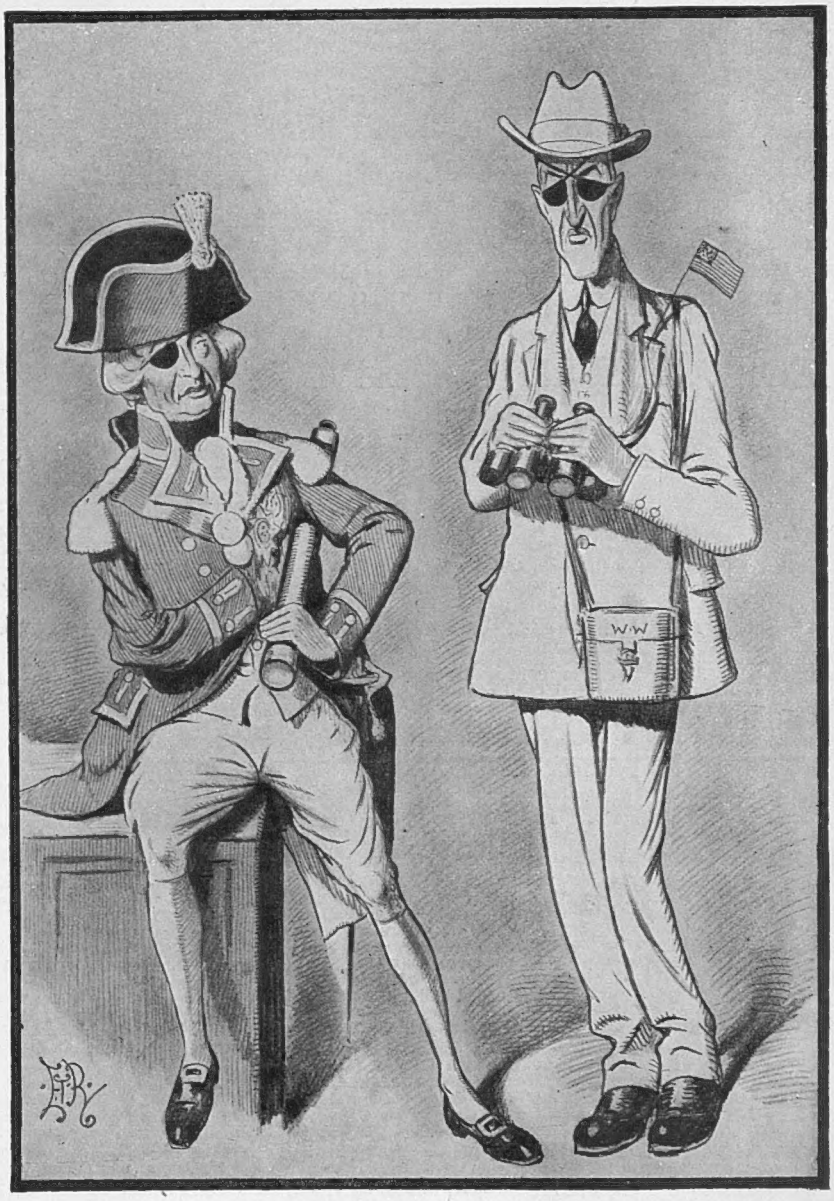
Bureaucratic Blunders

If the book is well compiled and well digested and its lessons are learned, perhaps there will not be a next war. For it is possible that when the real truth comes to be told the responsibility for this one will be traced to some official who wrongly filed a letter or misquoted a reference number or conveyed to Schmidt information that was really intended for Braun. I am careful to trace the blunder to Germany, which is, as we all know, the home of bureaucracy, and the place to which our own officialism looks longingly for its brightest inspirations.

Haldane

Persons who do not contract hydrophobia at the mention of the name Haldane, and who are not entirely deficient in the British quality of fair-play, will do well to read Mr. Harold Begbie's remarkable book "The Vindication of England." In this book the case *for* Haldane is set forth in a style that is at least as forcible as that in which the case against him has been stated.

(Continued on page 171)



NELSON EXPECTS—WILSON DOESN'T

WILSON: "Well! durn'd if I see any signal reason why a good Amurrican sh'd take any par-ticlar side in this fight!"

NELSON: "Look here, Mr. President, as the inventor and the owner of the copyright, I must protest! You're bringing the 'Blind Eye' business into absolute disrepute!"

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2.30 6.10 9.0
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DALY'S. Tel. Ger. 201. "THE HAPPY DAY."
EVERY EVENING (EXCEPT MONDAYS), at 8.
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On Thursday Afternoon, 2nd November, at 3 o'clock, The MISSES UNA and IRENE TRUMAN will give a RECITAL (two pianos) at the

ÆOLIAN HALL, New Bond St. W.,

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NAVAL & MILITARY RECREATION HUTS.

The Programme will include items by Chopin, Scriabine, Ilynsky, Liszt, Schumann, O'Neill, Arensky, and Saint-Saëns.

Tickets for Reserved Seats (free) will be sent on early application to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Church Army Headquarters, Bryanston St., W. A FEW SEATS at 10s. 6d. and 5s. (plus tax) are available.

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Tino's Son and Heir

Arrival of the Crown Prince of Greece (seen acknowledging the salute, in the centre of the picture) at the Macedonian town of Coritza, on a visit of inspection

Hostages

Fas est et ab hoste doceri. The Germans are keeping members of the Antwerp municipality as hostages against air raids on German-occupied buildings. Isn't this something that we ought to imitate? Why not distribute a nightly ration of German prisoners between the various important buildings of London?

The Greek Puzzle

It seems that it is French and Italian and not British sailors who have landed in Athens. For which relief much thanks. We have no wish whatever to see British efforts wasted on any further Mediterranean enterprises. Doubtless the French and Italian Governments know precisely what it is they are doing in Greece. The British people—I don't know about the Government—are profoundly puzzled by the whole business. The average man takes the view that if the Greeks as a whole don't want to fight, to attempt to force them to do so is the height of futility. All they expect to be done is to keep "Tino" quiet, and they imagine that ought to be secured by the mere presence within range of Athens of the Allied fleets. What the British public fail even more to understand is why any Greek "peril" that there may be to the Allied forces in Macedonia comes only to be discovered twelve months after our occupation of Salonica. If it really existed, why was it not disposed of twelve months ago? It is incomprehensible that we should allow the vital stroke against Bulgaria to be interfered with at the moment

(*Continued on page 172*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 171)

when our new Rumanian Ally is in grave danger. Whatever General Sarrail is doing now he could have done at any time during the past year, and as a result of doing it could have been absolutely ready to attack the Bulgars at the same time as the Rumanians came in. The whole Balkans business has about it the air of crass and criminal bungling, for which our own Government is not necessarily entirely to blame. Unless the Allies knew what they were doing in that part of the world they should have left it alone.

What is "Recruiting"?

Persons seem still to be fined for offences "calculated to prejudice recruiting." Once again the question is being asked: What is "recruiting" under Conscription that anybody can "prejudice" it? Surely a non-existent pastime? One might as well be prosecuted for "prejudicing" the hunting of the Snark or the slaying of the Jabberwock.

The Man Who Started the War

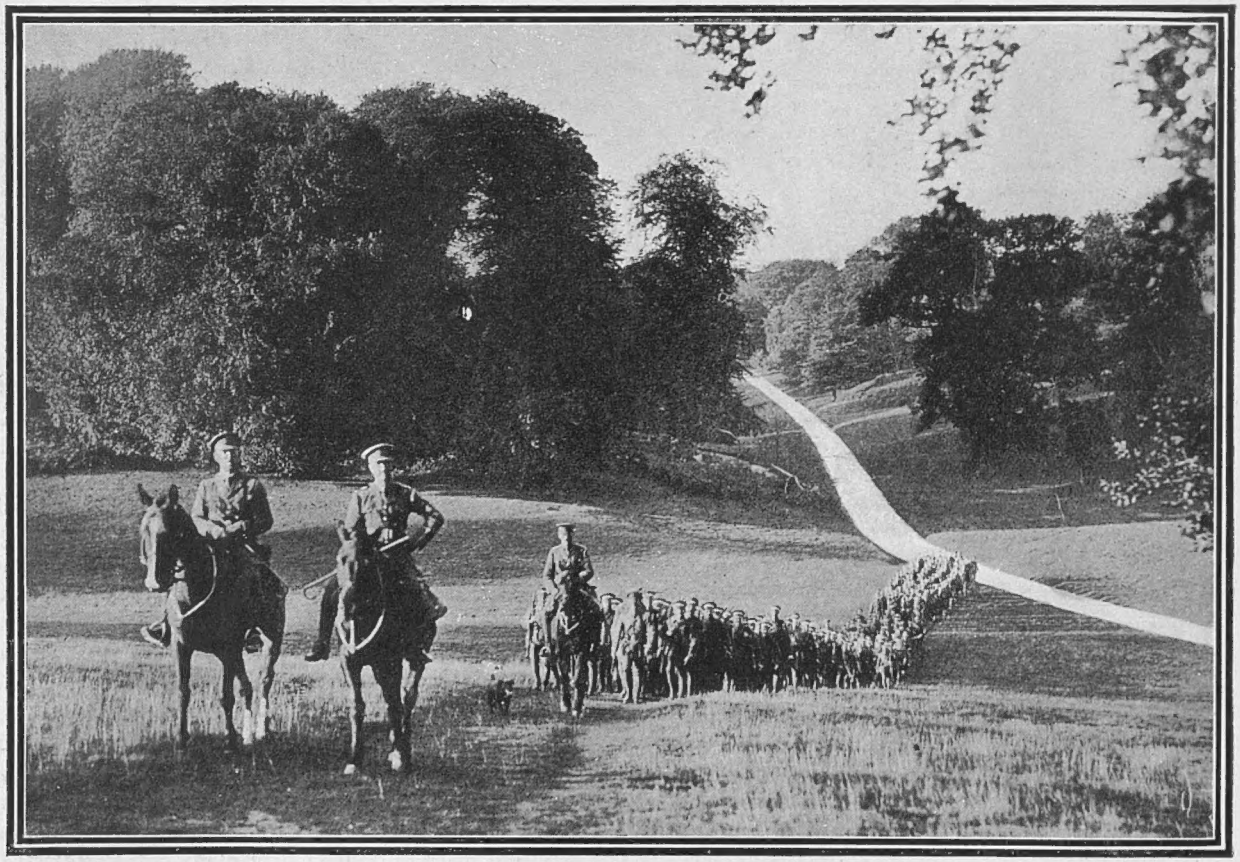
He is dead. He has gone to join the countless thousands of victims of his mad, but long-premeditated act. His was the hand that plotted to put the match to the European conflagration. It may be said that he was a patriot; that he did not—could not—foresee the consequences of his crime. "But," you comment in your turn, "I haven't seen anything about the Kaiser's death in the papers. Why is it being kept dark?" Who's talking about the Kaiser? It is not the Kaiser who is dead; it is Karavitch, the assassin of the Archduke at Serajevo. Immured in an Austrian prison, he has probably never heard of the catastrophic consequences of his crime—the most far-reaching results that ever flowed from any human act since Adam ate the apple. Truly, life has its little ironies!

Marconi's Once More

If there were anything one would have thought as dead as either the Snark or the Jabberwock it would be "Marconis"—I mean Marconi scandals, of course. Yet here is a financial daily Marconi-mongering as though there were no war within a million miles. I will not detail its allegations against prominent personages, for which it must be solely responsible, but I do dare to regard it as incredible that any British public servant could conceivably be under the influence of blackmail by the enemy on account of his knowledge of past transactions that are not known to the British public. Patriotism altogether apart, suppose the Germans did know that the Right Hon. Somebody before the war dealt by proxy in such and such shares. In order to use the information to the detriment of the personage in question the Germans would have to be in a position to publish it in England. As they are not in any such position they could not be successful blackmailers.

And Sorry to See Them

In any case, may I say that in publishing what it is publishing the financial paper in question is playing the enemy's game? For of what earthly help is it to the winning of the war to have this murky Marconi business hashed up all over again? Who cares what anybody did before the war if he is doing the right thing during it?



IN COLUMN OF ROUTE

A Cadet O.T.C., with Colonel Bromfield in command, returning from a field-day in Earl Brownlow's lovely park at Ashridge, Herts

Photograph taken by Newman, by permission of the Eastern Command

What the Army Did for Councillor Jones

Lieut. Oakley's sketches will bring home to many a one-time sedentary civilian the eventual advantages of drill and training, though the process by which they are attained may not be wholly pleasant

PASSED BY CENSOR

Fathers of the Great Offensive

BUT WHERE IS THE "LITTLE FATHER" OF THE SOLDIER?

As to what the child will become we cannot yet tell. Europe will know, in due course, for exactly what it has to thank the four men who are heralded by the *Vossische Zeitung* as responsible for the offensive on the Somme and its present success: Briand and Lloyd George, Humbert and Northcliffe.

To each the honour that is his due. Briand was discovered before the war to be the strong man of France when he disposed of the railway strike in the twinkling of an eye by calling the railwaymen to the colours, and putting them under military law. Such a man was destined to do something in the great war when it came, and "Aunty Voss" credits him with having contrived, with Lloyd George, to "create something like a uniformed whole and centralised leadership out of a confusion of contrary interests."

Our Mr. George, before the war, was not exactly a war-monger. Rather the contrary. On January 1, 1914, he was pleading for a reduction of our naval armaments, and telling the whole world how little likelihood there really was of war. When it duly broke out he made splendid speeches about the "road hog of Europe," etc., saved the nation's finances, with the aid of Lord Reading, and generally played the patriot to the top of his bent. Then enter Northcliffe. Before the war a successful merchant of news and a special dealer in war perils of all sorts and kinds. When war came he set to work to educate the public mind, by a series of bombshells, to the realities of the struggle. He swept out of existence the "over in six weeks" optimists, gave the Germans the fullest possible credit for knowing the war-business, woke up "voluntary" recruiting, and prepared the public mind for conscription.

When we were firing off the wrong kind of shell in Artois he thundered like Jove, got the Ministry of Munitions formed and Mr. George made Minister. "Shells! Shells! Shells!" he cried when he wasn't crying "Men! Men! Men!"—and we got both. Before the war, it should be added, he had practically made us in advance an air-power by insisting on the probable part the aeroplane would play in war. The bringing down of the four in the month of Zep-tember (if we may be allowed) was the symbol of Lord Northcliffe's triumph in the air department. In France the shell harvest was sown, so the *Vossische Zeitung* says, by Senator Humbert; and to his credit is to be laid the discovery, a few weeks before the war, that the French Army was short of boots—without which the finest army in the world cannot march.

One wants to build tabernacles and things as an expression of one's joy that, however great the weaknesses of others, these four Fathers of the Great Offensive are spared unto us to see the triumph of their Terrible Child. But *l'appétit vient en mangéant*. We have origination in Northcliffe and Humbert, direction in Briand and George; yet we want more. Great wars are won by the weapons of war, and among such weapons is the spiritual zeal and *moral* of the soldier and the precise knowledge by that much-tried individual of what it is he is struggling for. Over two years ago we were fired with zeal to destroy militarism, of which the arch-exponent was, as all the world knew, Prussia. That is what raised Kitchener's first armies, and it held good right through the whole of the voluntary period.

With conscription there came compulsion; but, somehow, with the coming of it there was a shortage in sublimity. There came upon us the Military Representative of the Local Tribunal; the Medical Board; the Pensions Committee; the various Orders in Council and by-laws; the rounds-up; Dublin and Captain Coulthurst. People began to see reproduced in our islands each and every one of the situations that had been associated with Prussianism at its worst, but administered with an incompetence and stupidity that is the tradition of the England of Dickens. We saw revived Bumble and Pecksniff, Uriah Heep and Chadband, and Murdstone and Stiggins and Squeers, and every type of hypocrite and ruffian that was written of in the books of our national novelist. We saw the dignity of England insulted by petty officialism; we saw free and fine opinion stamped and spat upon. When attention was drawn to suffering, we got sneers and jests from the magisterial mouth and inaudible mumbles from Ministers.

The Tribunals, to the newspapers, were pantomimes—places of merriment. Broken homes, beggared families, abandoned businesses—how the facetious headlines revelled in them! As for a wretched man with a "conscience," nothing was too derisive for him!

The latter-day recruits went willingly because there was no option. They knew the Huns had to be smashed, and that the indefinite multiplication of khaki-clad bodies with bombs and grenades and mortars, big guns, "tanks," and the like were the prescribed method. But as they went forth into the unknown, in the place of their fallen brothers, taking the last tearful farewell of the loved ones and the home, to establish which had been the labour of a lifetime, one wished that, among the great men up above, there was he who was able as they went to *say the right word*.

We knew all about Louvain, and the *Lusitania*, and Rheims—brutal things done by militarism in the course of its horrible business; but we wanted to be absolutely sure that we were not going forth

FATHERS OF THE GREAT OFFENSIVE (concluded)

to kill it in Prussia in order to enthrone it in England. We want it more often insisted upon that this is still a war in defence of liberty against tyranny.

—•••—

WHEN the Americans had their Civil War the whole of them, North and South, knew that America had a *man*—known as the Great Heart—a man who used to receive in his presence appeals for pardon, who visited cells sometimes and reprieved lads under death sentence, and over and over again spoke gentle words to make it clear to the enemy that he was not fighting against him as an individual, but only trying to bring him into a system that would be for his own good. The South surrendered to Abraham Lincoln, America's man with the great heart.

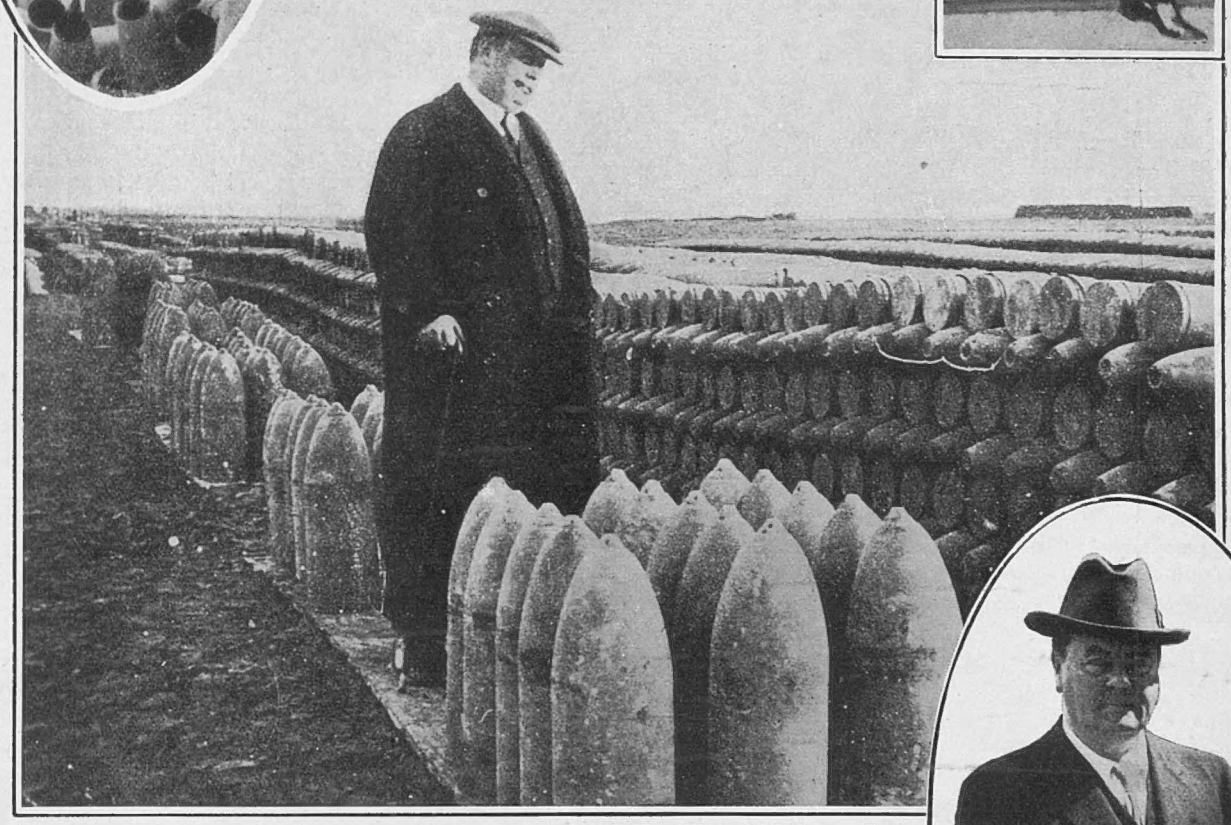
—•••—

WE all want the Germans similarly to surrender. But we possess *heads* over here, rather than hearts. The enemy will, at some time or another, admit himself beaten. The British people would like to think they were bringing Prussianism to an end "in the British way." But of late the "British" within us seems to have gone under a cloud. Before the very last men are dragged from their homes and their labours and pitched into the pitiless trenches of the Somme, will somebody high in authority seriously consider this question of *saying the right word?* Something that will inspire us a little more than descriptions of our sacred task as a "dog-fight" and our ultimate ideal a "knock-out?" The Great Offensive has had four great fathers. The soldier wants a "Little Father." Where is he?

VIVIAN CARTER

SHELLS & The Men

WHO COMBINED TO GIVE THEM TO THE ALLIED ARMIES



French War Office official photograph

SENATOR HUMBERT IN A FOREST OF SHELLS

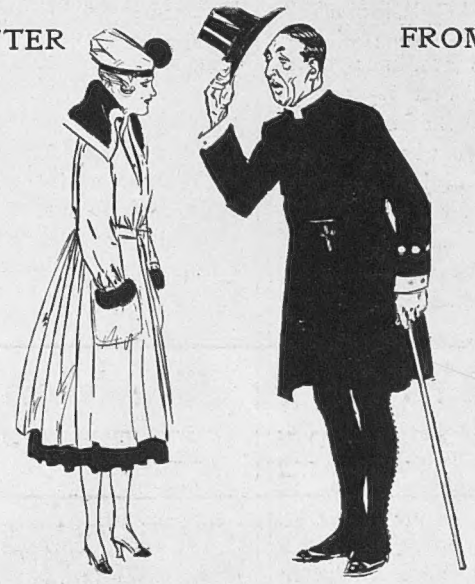
In a recent article the *Vossische Zeitung* credits to four men the honour of having made the offensive in the Somme possible—M. Briand (on the right), Mr. Lloyd George (on the left), Senator Humbert, and Lord Northcliffe

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

A recent snapshot

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"



"Can't you go for the Bishop, Blanche?"

London, *October* 23, 1916.

Dear Cousin—

The verdicts of our soldiermen on what we do and how we do it here in England now are very varied. One day I am told: "Go on helping to win the war at home by showing the 'pleasure as usual' people how very nasty they are"; and by next post this: "Can't you go for the Bishop of London, Blanche, and tell him we don't want revues stopped, etc.? The *Daily Mail* says we ought to be considered first, and if the Bishop would spend three weeks or more in 'a push,' he'd want to go and see something more amusing than—*East Lynne*, shall we say?"

⁂ ⁂

And a Royal Welsh Fusilier requests me to consider the point afresh. "Frequently the swift and keenly cutting rapier of your criticism falls on the pleasure-loving multitude in London. But, you know, it's much the same over here" (he writes from a famous old French cathedral town). "This isn't a big place, but it's quite possible, believe me, Blanche, to get a dinner which is the most effective contrast imaginable to Government rations.

⁂ ⁂

"And why not? Unless somebody does these things surely the arts of civilisation will be imperilled. In any case, even supposing the thing be a trifle overdone, it isn't easy to determine the limit or define the territory which the proprieties of wartime debar. You won't think me rude, will you, if I say that from our point of view I don't think we much mind what anyone does so that, when possible, we have a decent time? You see, our opportunities are not so frequent as to make us sensitive as to the precise complexion our own and others' pleasures assume."

⁂ ⁂

Which I agree with—up to a point. Though I don't know about the arts of civilisation being in any danger if we did have fewer revues, or not quite so many frocks, or knocked a course or two off our dinners. But, naturally, there are plenty of soldiermen who don't lose any sleep about how we're conducting ourselves. Why should they? They know they're doing their job, and doing it every time and all the time. My point is that we could give the soldiers just as much fun and change and contrast, and all that, without quite going in for such a regular orgy of peace-time pleasures *on our own account* as a certain set do in London now.

⁂ ⁂

I don't say it makes much difference, perhaps, to the war and all that, but, somehow, it's the feel of the thing and the hurt it gives to all those who have suffered so terribly in what Mr. Asquith calls this long and sombre procession of cruelty and suffering. Not to speak of the bad effect on the *moral* of the masses—the people without imagination, who ought not to be *let* forget about the war, or, what's worse, make a sort of a Roman holiday of it. It isn't decent, it isn't in the picture, it's really not the thing, and, after all, we Britons always pride ourselves on doing the thing if the heavens fall, don't we? And if you tell me that they're doing the same in Berlin, that isn't much of an argument, is it?—except on the other side. If they do it in Berlin, then it *must* be the wrong thing to do.

⁂ ⁂

And I'm not sure, either, that even to the most rackety of soldiermen on leave, when they get back and remember things that happen across the Channel, there doesn't come, too, now and then, anyway, rather a bitter taste in the mouth. As one of them said to me one night as we watched the seething crowds of semi-stage sirens doing the very latest thing in trots and saunters at the very best supper club: "Lovely crowd to die for. What?"

⁂ ⁂

But neither do the war-workers' own menfolk mete out to them even a fraction of the kind of tribute that's simply poured out at the feet of the

(*Continued on page 178*)

"How would you like to desert a crêpe de Chine 'nightie' for breeches?"

The Camera in Society

Camera Portraits

LADY CURZON

Lallie Charles

LADY CADOGAN

Two beautiful portrait studies of two of the most delightful and distinguished leaders of London Society

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 176*)

chorus ladies aforesaid by the B. and other E. F.'s. No one waits to meet V.A.D.'s and people, as they pour out of the stage door of Devonshire House, in vast, long humming 100 h.p. cars, with enormous pink-ribboned boxes of chocolates and invitations to lunch and *carte blanche* to draw on that little account at Cox's, which, even if you're only a Tempy. Sec. Lieut., has a delightful way of putting on flesh when you've been "over there" for a while.

❀ ❀

IN fact, there's no getting away from it, being good and useful, and that sort of thing, isn't appreciated—not by men, anyway. Even working on the land, which does lend itself to a little dressiness in the way of smocks and leggings and things, and which quite a lot of quite nice little things are doing in England now, gets the bird from the stronger sex. Blighters men are, really, aren't they? Here we are trying to do their work for them and they turn us down for it.

❀ ❀

"WHAT do *you* think of war-work, Blanche?" writes one of these new agricultural labourers. "The girls here are pretty (we insist on that), but dud women we shall be soon, Blanche. Isn't it awful? We haven't time to put ribbons in our undies or wash our hair or manicure our nails. When we get home in the evening we fall asleep on the sofa, and are too tired to eat, and at five next morning we're dragged out of bed to milk cross, captious cows and clean out the cow-sheds.

❀ ❀

"AND it's no good, your clothes simply *won't* keep clean. How would you like to desert a *crêpe de Chine* 'nightie' full of ribbons for breeches, of all abominations, and a dirty smock? I've got a pink one and a brown one and a very saucy blue one, but they might as well be *black* after the first day. Oh, for the times of evening dresses! I'm simply yearning for clothes, but you can't do much in the way of *crêpe de Chine* on 12*s.* a week; and nobody loves you, and if you do look nice they murmur as you pass: 'War-work! Well, she doesn't look like it.' And if you look useful—well, they don't look at you at all, which is worse. It's a terrible war, Blanche."

"That little account at Cox's"

❀ ❀

"STILL, if it's serving one's King and country to shovel muck and be a dud girl I suppose it's worth it. *Que penses tu?* But the men don't think so. They'd rather one sat at home and looked pretty. They don't realise what a long time it is between their leaves. One of them came along the other day, and said: 'Look here! I call this a bit thick. Here am I just back from the Somme, all out to be amused by my pretty cousins, and there's one washing unclean Tommies and the other shovelling muck. It's the limit!'

"It's the limit!"

❀ ❀

WE'RE doing our best to avoid the deepest depths of gloom, anyway, in London now. Crowds at the "International" Private View—you could hardly see the pictures of the Duchesses and things for the masses of them looking on, and most of us much too hungry for a war-lunch or a war-tea over at Prince's after! And all the fashionable painter-men in platoons, of course—the airy, vague, elusive McEvoy, who's done the portraits of the year, of the Duchess of Marlborough and her son; Orpen, with a funny Hamlet picture more Orpenesque than ever; Glyn Philpot being violently impressive with snakes and things; Mr. Pryde, positively surpassing himself in the way of mystery and scenic unreality, but always rather attractive—the incomprehensible often is; and Strang and Shannon and Lavery, who's, of course, *right* in the movement with his wounded soldier and war-widow in the Park picture.

❀ ❀

TALKING of pictures, I don't know whether the W. S. C., or War Savings Committee, would approve, but evidently the War Profiteers are investing some of their millions in works of art instead of 6 per cent. War Loan—no tax on old masters, you see, like there is on your tea, on your stall at the theatre, or the matches Anyway, someone's been advertising busily for a Gainsborough, and someone else wants a Corot—and they simply *must* be good ones. So there's a few spare thousands waiting to be spent, and not on absolute war-necessities.

❀ ❀

FOR the rest, bread's up again—we shall really have to eat cakes soon, shan't we?—and there are rumours of some real big munition scandals. Well, whatever else it is, it can't be said that life in wartime's *dull*, can it?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

Types They Have in the Navy

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 7.—" T.B.D."

T.B.D. stands for Torpedo Boat Destroyer, and many a Fritz submarine could tell you of other things they destroy. Their officers are the cheeriest people afloat, and, incidentally, magnificent seamen, and their hospitality is (quite literally) overwhelming

BY ARTHUR WATTS

"Somewhere in Flanders"

PRIVATE PINET'S CAPTURE. BY JACK JOHNSON

My Dear Bystander—

I have been discussing with Sergeant Leroy the question of decorations. Sergeant Leroy is in the 21ème. Cie. of the . . . Infanterie, and has just come down to this section from the Somme, where last week he was decorated—by Joffre himself—with the *Croix de Guerre avec Palme* for most conspicuous gallantry displayed in capturing a strongly fortified *château* with barely a dozen men.

❀ ❀

"*La décoration—c'est tout une question de chance,*" said Sergeant Leroy emphatically as we sat on the table in his farmhouse billet and gazed out upon the depressing plains of Flanders, "I could name a score of men who deserve it more than I—*c'est bien vrai, ça*—but I happen to be a lucky one—*voilà tout!*

"Now, there's Maurice Pinet in my company. He's earned the Croix more than once, *mais il n'a jamais de le chance, lui, le pauvre.* I remember when he went to Boulogne on six days' *permission.* On the first day he got run over by a boy on a bicycle, spent the next five days in bed, and on the sixth day was just well enough to creep off to the station and catch the train back, after first paying a fine of 15 francs for getting in the way of the bicycle!

❀ ❀

"There never was a smarter or a braver *garçon* than Maurice. A chauffeur in Paris before the war, quick, agile, and extraordinarily resourceful, it is always old Maurice who is in demand when there are any delicate or dangerous missions to be done, and never yet has he failed to carry through a job.

"It was about ten weeks ago, when we were resting at ——, that the story was going round of two German officers, dressed in French officers' uniform, who were driving about in our lines in a large open grey car. We thought it was all a *porco* at first until the Colonel read us out on parade the official circular he had received, which gave all the facts in detail and a description of the men. And the very next day one of our sentries actually fired on a car which dashed past him without stopping, and which answered exactly to the description of the car in the circular which the Colonel had read out.

❀ ❀

"We were in rest-billets at this time, with nothing to do but sleep and play cards, and we used to bet among ourselves on how long a time it would take to lay these *cochons boches* by the heels. The day before we were due to go back up the line I was sitting in the sun smoking a pipe with Maurice, when the Captain came up to us.

"'I've got a *mission* for you, Pinet,' he said, 'nothing difficult or dangerous this time. I want you to take this message up to Brigade Headquarters at X.' And the Captain pointed out the way on the map. '*Très bien, mon Capitaine,*' said Maurice, saluting smartly, and started off on his mission.

"It was very dark, and beginning to rain, but Maurice had not much difficulty in finding his way through the wood. He had been gone about an hour, and was within a few hundred yards of his destination, when suddenly the sound of men's voices impinged upon his hearing. Creeping cautiously through the wood in the direction of the sound he found himself on the edge of the L—— road, and there, about 15 metres away, he could just make out a large car with two French officers, who were peering into the bonnet. As Maurice stood and listened he heard the men talking in low guttural tones while they appeared to be fiddling with the machinery.

"As I have told you, Maurice is a courageous and a resourceful *garçon,* and now without a moment's hesitation he walked straight up to the men and saluted.

"'*Des fois, mon Colonel, que vous auriez besoin d'un coup de main, je suis chauffeur de métier et je pourrai peut-être arranger l'affaire?*'

❀ ❀

"The officers started round in alarm, and, switching a torch on to Maurice, they closely scrutinised his face. Then, apparently satisfied that all was well, the taller of the two said with a sigh of relief: '*Je suis très content de vous voir, mon brave. Regardez! Mon chauffeur n'y voit rien.* There are a hundred sous for you if you can get her running!'

There was no doubt now in Maurice's head as to the identity of his acquaintances, and his mind was made up in a flash.

"'Just cut me a long stick,' he said, turning to the man referred to as the driver, 'not too thick.' Then as the fellow walked off towards the wood he suddenly picked up a petrol can and hit the officer a terrific blow on the head. The man fell like a log. Maurice had just finished bundling him into the car when the driver was seen coming back with the stick in his hand. Before the fellow had time to notice his comrade's disappearance Maurice's foot landed violently in his stomach, and as he doubled up with astonishment and pain once again a heavy petrol can impinged with a dull thud upon a human cranium, and the fellow lay prostrate on the ground.

❀ ❀

"You can imagine the exultation that glowed in Maurice's bosom! Within four minutes he had the car running, and with his horn blowing like a fog siren came careering triumphantly into the village!"

"Bravo!" I cried, excitedly, "*C'est épatant, ça!* And did he get the cross with palm?"

"*Jamais de la vie, mon ami!*" said Sergeant Leroy, sadly. "What he got was 30 *jours de prison* for assaulting the Brigadier and his chauffeur! *Il n'a jamais de la chance, lui, le pauvre!*"

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Modern Topography

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Well, you see, here's the Church and there's the Post Office"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Bucharest

THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA

A TALK WITH QUEEN MARIE

It was to the Palace of Cotrecené, that beautiful Royal residence on the outskirts of Bucharest, that I was bidden, to have an audience with Queen Marie of Rumania. The palace is situated in a lovely park, and as I drove up the winding road in the grounds Rumanian peasant women in their gaily coloured national costume could be seen raking up pathways or gardening. Already they are supplementing their men who have gone to fight.

The palace itself is built round a courtyard, and was originally an old monastery. The Royal Palace in Bucharest was the residence of the late King and Queen; but to the Palace of Cotrecené Princess Marie of Edinburgh—now Queen of Rumania—came as a very young bride, and there the Royal family continues to live. At the palace in the centre of Bucharest the King has his offices. State functions are always held there, and now there also Queen Marie has her own hospital, in the part that used to be the living rooms of Royalty.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF RUMANIA
One of Queen Victoria's great-grandchildren

My visit to the Queen was a particularly happy one, for I was not received in one of the large reception-rooms, but in Queen Marie's own private boudoir. What a charming room! yet quite small. The walls are of magnificent woodwork, the furniture is comfortable and tasteful, many pictures of the Royal children are everywhere to be seen. I was just taking it all in from the depths of a most cosy chair when Her Majesty entered—such a beautiful, graceful lady, who, indeed, merits having been called "the prettiest princess at King George's Coronation." And what is even more pleasing is Queen Marie's expression of intelligence and happy contentment.

The Queen came forward, saying: "I'm very pleased to see you." The lady-in-waiting left the room, and I was alone with Her Majesty for quite half an hour. How she talked! and what a comprehensive intuition she has! Without my asking she put her ideas, talking about her family and of her hopes for her children, I felt I had known her for years. "You know, we have had our difficulties, the King and I," she said, "for neither of us is a Rumanian, and I, as you know, was imported very young." I laughingly replied: "Yes, but Rumanians feel that you are quite of themselves; the people love you very much." The Queen seemed pleased at that, and said: "The peasant people are not educated, but the classes who are were, I think, a little shocked at my freedom-loving ways when I first came here. I wished to live my own life, but I wished also very sincerely for Rumania's good. I did not see why I should always have a *dame*

(Continued on page 184)

Heir to a Kingdom

THAT THE WAR MAY CONVERT INTO AN EMPIRE

Photograph *Carlo de Marchi, Photographer to H.M. the King of Italy*

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY

The heir to the Italian throne, a frank and fearless Prince, who, like most boys of his age, has a strong leaning towards the sea as his profession

THE BYSTANDER IN BUCHAREST (*concluded from page* 182)

d'honneur right behind me. You see, I receive you alone. But they have come to understand me. You know, I and my sisters were brought up in a simple way, and I've done the same with my own children. The King and I never disagree, even when our ideas are not the same, for both of us wish for the best for Rumania. We want her to become great during our time, and then we will be able to play a great rôle in history. The excellent comradeship that exists between my husband and me leads us to one thought absolutely in common. Whatever sacrifices or sorrows we may be called upon to bear for Rumania we will do so cheerfully." But here I noticed such a merry twinkle in Queen Marie's eyes that it needed no words to tell me which of them she had made up her mind in the beginning would have to renounce their native country.

❋

"As to my children," continued the Queen, "you have heard, no doubt, of possible betrothals and marriages of the younger Royalties of Europe. Yes, both princes and princesses have been here to meet my elder children, and I naturally have my hopes for them, but the final choice must be made by themselves." I interjected with: "But, madame, how charming to hear of Royalty having such freedom of choice in their affections." "Indeed it is quite true," replied the Queen. "No child of mine will be pressed into a distasteful marriage. We are human, you know, and have human feelings.

❋

"But now I must talk of other things," said the Queen, "as shortly I must return to my hospital. We have entered this war at a late date, and I know our Allies have all had a terrible drain on their resources of every kind. But my hope is that England, my native country, will be able to send my own special departments some assistance. Oh, yes! we are doing splendidly, and will continue to do so; but we will also have some dark days. So I do hope some English nursing units will be able to come out to us.

Then a shade came over Queen Marie's face as she said: "My mother is in Germany, and has done everything to alleviate suffering among the people of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. But they have not been kind to her because of her Russian birth; and one of my sisters, the Grand Duchess Hohenlohe, is also in Germany.... My motor? Very well, I'm coming! Good-bye, life is all rush, isn't it, just now?" And the door closed, leaving me watching where Queen Marie had faded from my vision. Such a generous-minded lady—a happy mother, a happy wife! Could anyone ask for more? Yet both King Ferdinand and Queen Marie do want more. They want a glorious Rumania, with all its twelve millions of countrymen gathered into the fold of their own kingdom. They want to see a great Latin nation on the banks of the fertile Danube. And we yet little realise how important this is going to be for all of us in the future.

"Arbie"

THE LATEST THING IN FLAPPERS' BAGS

"Sand would appear, to architects of sense,
A bad foundation, but a good defence."

(From J'ai Vu)

So clearly think the French authorities in charge of the Cathedral at Amiens, to judge from the care with which they have endeavoured to protect it, by millions of sandbags, against the German artillery

The Main Street of Combles

"At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove" . . .

Official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Topical

The Things that Matter

IN THE CONDUCT OF A GREAT OFFENSIVE

PONTOONS

This French Official Photograph shows a Pontooners' Park with every detail ready for boat-bridge-building when the time arrives for its employment

MEDICAL STORES

More of the absolutely necessary attention given to the smallest detail is shown in the two official photographs issued by the Press Bureau, of which this one indicates the way in which medical stores are run up to the place where they are wanted

"TANKS"—LITERALLY

While this one shows the travelling water-butts used on the network of "light railways" which form so vital a means of supply to our gallant troops on the Somme

BELLICOSITIES

INSTEAD of merely putting the German Crown Princess's name to the appeal for the handing over of gold ornaments, why not have sent her husband round to "collect" them? He could hardly have failed at such a congenial job, after his expert performances among the *châteaux* of France.

THE Krupp organ "would rather surrender those territories which the might of our arms has wrested from our foes in Europe than yield one inch of our colonial empire." But why worry over these sentimental preferences, when the immediate business on hand is the surrender of both?

TO go about without shoes and stockings, it appears, has now ceased to be a punishable offence in Germany. The concession will hardly evoke much gratitude from a people already beginning to suffer rather severely from cold feet.

RUTHLESS Reventlow's threatened book, "The Mistakes and Follies of Germany's Rulers and Statesmen," sounds like a "best-seller" in more than one country. But if he is going to do the thing with any thoroughness, he surely doesn't expect to get it all into one volume, or to finish it before the end of the war?

ONE observes with regret the East Lothian Tribunal's recent grant of exemption to a ratcatcher, especially in view of the unsparing use which the enemy makes of his Mausers.

THE conscientious objector who protested, the other day, that if he became a soldier he would have to disobey the Levitical law in the matter of food, should have been reminded that what the Army needs at the present time is not Leviticus, but Numbers.

AS for the man who claimed exemption because he could not open his mouth wide enough, the obvious thing would have been to hand him over for a course of training to a firm of "food profiteers."

THOSE responsible for the provision of Zepp. relics for sale on "Our Day" were to be congratulated on the happy thought which so appropriately suggested the fashioning of a number of sleeve-links from remnants of the airship brought down at Cuffley.

TWO Austrian spies have been arrested in Genoa. They were disguised, it is said, as tourists. Caught dishonouring their checks, we presume?

MR. STOLL tells us that the gentleman who plays the drum at the Coliseum earns a larger salary than any other member of the orchestra. Mr. Stoll says that's because he's an exceptional man. But we suspect it's because he makes an exceptional noise about it.

THE Kaiser's Christmas letter to President Wilson should be one of the most diverting "scraps of paper" of the war. The trouble is that its recipient may not be in a position to reply with one of his famous White House "Notes."

THE Nobel Peace Prize is going begging. Well, what's the matter with the B.E.F.? Why, it's simply all out for Peace, and is not too proud to fight for it, either.

MR. FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A., has received an official invitation to visit the Italian Front. Not a pink form, we trust.

IT is said that of the two people who attended a War Savings meeting at Glasgow one fully expected to receive something. Well, they were asking him to enter into a contract, weren't they?

How it feels to loop the loop. Our artist puts Winston through it

Pleased sitter writing from "Somewhere in Wales," remarks: "Your artist does not flatter, but this certainly looks remarkably like I felt"

An Acrobatic Appeal

What Tribunal, however hard-hearted, could resist the appeal so touchingly put forward by this gentleman, who alleges, with obvious sincerity, that he is "the sole support of a large family"?

Der Ueber-Schmuggler!

BY THE BYSTANDER IN CHRISTIANIA

THE Bystander in Christiania has set his hand—that is, his eye—on the director of that remarkable smuggling organisation which supplies Germany with certain desirable eatables, drinkables, and fightables otherwise unobtainable owing to British blockade measures and to the stern export prohibitions of neutral States. *Der Ueber-Schmuggler*, or Super-Smuggler! This is not his real title; nor is "Dr. Bernhard Klasing," under which name he frequents the Grand Hotel lounge, Carl-Johann Street, his real name. But the lounge calls him "Super-Smuggler," and he calls himself "Klasing." When he flits to Stockholm or Copenhagen he calls himself something else; for he is a plastic, elastic, drastic, and, from the German standpoint, highly praiseworthy citizen.

❋

HERR KLASING is youngish and strong. This alone proves that he is an "agent" of some kind. Otherwise such a healthy citizen would be shouting "*Kamerad!*" on the Somme. He is bald, has a pink face and fairly good features; and some say that thirty months ago he had a desk at the Polizei-Presidium, Alexanderplatz, Berlin.

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HIS business is extensive. It is to direct about 500 persons—Germans some, neutrals others—in the work of getting things across frontiers. Herr Klasing gives them inspiration, pays their fines, and sees that they do not cheat the Imperial German Government. But schmugglers are schmugglers all the world over; and experts say that sometimes Herr Klasing gets done.

❋

HERR KLASING'S methods are numerous. He has lately given less attention to the vulgar trick of secreting coffee in returning coal-trucks (Prussia's coal-trucks go all over Scandinavia); and has taken instead to developing the coasting trade. The last of Herr Klasing's triumphs is the *Fortuna* case. The *Fortuna* last month started on an innocent coasting trip from Malmö to Gothenburg, both Swedish ports, with an innocent cargo of oil. The *Fortuna* arrived at Gothenburg without interference, and discharged an innocent cargo of *water!* This alchemistic thaumaturgy caused some surprise, because though everyone knows that Germany needs oil, the captain and crew of the *Fortuna* agreed that nothing had happened *en route*. And then a Judas of the crew spoiled the miracle story. He gave the vulgar explanation that the *Fortuna* had dropped in at Prussian Warnemünde and exchanged the oil barrels for water barrels.

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SWEDEN'S police are investigating the affair; and Norway's experts declare that it is a special type of *coup* invented by the Super-Smuggler. The Super-Smuggler made only one blunder. The oil-barrels dropped at Warnemünde were numbered in red paint, and the water-barrels discharged at Gothenburg were numbered in black paint. When this discrepancy got into the paper Herr Klasing left Christiania; and where he is now Heaven and the Imperial German Government only know.

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A NORSE expert tells me that this kind of smuggling is called in war-slang "sucking eggs." It was first tried in Denmark. Though Denmark does not allow the export of coffee, rubber, or tin, there is naturally no law against sending them from one Danish island to another. And on the way? Herr Klasing and his confidential friends can tell you why a ship with coffee from Zealand to Falster arrives with baglets of sand. And why no one complains.

❋

HERR KLASING'S smugglers do good business in Norwegian ports. Thanks to the territorial water humbug and the myriad islands all the way from the Sound to the Atlantic, Germany's furtive merchant ships have access to Norse ports; and lately German war-ships showed their gratitude for this by sinking three Norwegian ships. These German merchant ships do wholesale smuggling out of Norway. They sneak away in small quantities goods on Norway's export prohibition list. The Christiania Bystander has heard of a case in which two German sailors carried away rubber by the ton.

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IN the Christiania Grand Hotel lounge you can see Germans discussing these triumphs aloud; and you can hear their self-congratulatory *Kolossal, Unerhört!* They boast that the Super-Smuggler has suborned Denmark's railway men, and chuckle over the fact that though Denmark in the last six months fined smugglers £70,000, smuggling goes merrily on. At Hoejslev, in Jutland, is a big organisation which under pretext of selling seaweed to Germany exports tin, coffee, rubber, and tea.

❋

LAST week a policeman saw mysterious lights in the seaweed storage shed. He peeped in, and beheld a treasure-chamber of forty big cases of tin. Three railway officials were arrested. They confessed. Then a raid was made on neighbouring farms; and this time under manure was found rubber. Then still more arrests; and now Danes are asking themselves: Is there one man in Denmark who does not smuggle?

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NORWEGIAN experts say that Germany spends £200,000 a year in organising her Scandinavian smuggling organisation. This does not cover payment for the smuggled goods. Only small quantities can be smuggled at a time, but the total is big. And it is all due to Herr "Klasing's" ability and enterprise. If Herr Klasing goes much further he will end as *Reichskanzler*; and perhaps he will put his (real) name to the Treaty of Peace.

Leave

PASSED BY CENSOR

DEP.: PADDINGTON 2.15. ARR.: HOME 4

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Studious Pleasures"

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A graceful and charming picture of Miss Isobel Elsom, now playing the lead at Daly's Theatre in "The Happy Day"

The Chief Social Virtue

BY "EFEMERA."

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

Born, Not Made

No doubt tact is the gift of the gods. Perhaps for that reason it is so unevenly distributed. Of course, like any other gift, it is susceptible of cultivation, but you must have something to begin with: you can't make yourself tactful by act of private parliament, so to speak. There is nothing so hopeless or so helpless as the tactless woman; she makes enemies and creates embarrassment where a little deft manipulation of truth would make friends and smooth the social path. The tactful woman can glide successfully over thin ice that would let the downright angel through with a crash.

❀ ❀

The Persistent Hostess

TAKE the matter of unwelcome invitations, for instance. We all know the persistent would-be hostess, who fixes you with her basilisk eye and summons you to dine with her on Friday week. If you are not possessed of tact, and, above all, if you happen to be shy, you mumble something in which "regret" and "a previous engagement" are the most audible words. "Thursday, then, dear?" says the persevering one. Again you murmur a half-hearted excuse. "Saturday," insists the female Ancient Mariner, and she keeps on until at length she has pinned you down to a day, and nothing short of a broken leg will release you from your promise. Now the tactful woman, knowing with whom she has to deal, straightway accepts with enthusiasm, and on the day of the unwelcome dinner, just about half-an-hour before the time she is expected, telephones to say that a very old friend is just coming back from the Front, and has wired asking to dine with her. "No, I can't bring him with me," she says regretfully, "his train is not yet in." And she is so sweet about it and so penitent that the most injured of hostesses never bears her a grudge, in spite of an upset dinner-table.

"Not quite the thing in these times"

❀ ❀

The Horns of a Dilemma

To make the case even stronger, the returning hero can be wounded, or, to vary the excuse, you can be summoned out of town to visit him at his hospital—no possibility of getting back in time. Very deplorable, perhaps, but you do avoid hurting a good woman's feelings, and at the same time you save yourself from an evening of excruciating boredom. At worst, from the point of view of the rabid truth-teller, it is a choice between two lies—the one which extricates you from an unwelcome engagement and the other which you would have to tell about the truly delightful evening you had spent. Besides, what use is there in having a war if you can't make so ill a wind blow you a tiny bit of good?

❀ ❀

A Passport to Popularity

IT is all very fine to be rigidly truthful, but blunt and uncompromising truth is a rare and not very refreshing fruit to be kept for occasions of extreme thirst. Also, it is not a very good play for those who depend to any extent upon popularity. The tactful person is welcome anywhere, upon any and all occasions; as for the tactless—well, look about and judge for yourself. A reputation for saying the appropriate thing, and, above all, the particular thing that others most want to hear, is a passport to social favour anywhere. Indeed, social relations, as we understand them, could not exist without considerable exercise of that discreetest of virtues.

(Continued on page 194)

THE CHIEF SOCIAL VIRTUE (*concluded from page* 193)

The Golden Mean

NOT fulsomeness, by any means. That way lies ruin. To gush is not to be tactful; in fact, it is the exact opposite. Tactful praise is implied rather than explicit; the whole thing is a question of moderation, of lightness of touch, and presence of mind. One does not harp on the virtue of economy in the presence of the hard-up, or in that of the extravagant. In the latter case one admires discreetly a recent purchase with delicate recognition of the good taste and discrimination displayed; in the former it is permissible to speak slightingly of Mrs. So-and-So's new sable coat—not quite the thing in these times.

"Her relief and anger when the truth at last became manifest were wonderful to witness"

The Shorn Lamb

THE tactful housekeeper praises the savoury whilst condemning the soup, and leaves behind her the impression of justice tempered by appreciation. Now the average cook is not by any manner of means a shorn lamb, particularly in these days of domestic difficulties; but it is good policy to temper the wind of displeasure as though she had not a shred of fleece to her back. If you do, ten to one she will roar as gently as any sucking dove; if not, she will give notice, or even dispense with that slight formality.

Too Much of a Good Thing

OF tactlessness I could give any number of horrid examples. Often it is a question of overdoing the business. An overdose of would-be tact, as of a good many other things, is far worse than none at all. In this connection I recall an unfortunate old lady reduced to a fever of anxiety through the devious tactics of her son, who was striving tactfully to break the news of the death of her dearest enemy. Her relief and anger when the truth at last became manifest were wonderful to witness.

Lapses Extraordinary

THE greatest recent lapse I have in mind is so unaccountable as to be all but incredible. Since women have long been recognised as the mainstay of ecclesiastical works and authority, it was *rather* tactless of certain bishops and other clergy to remind them that the Church regards women as poor creatures, at best. It was not a particularly happy thought, or a politic move, to urge upon women active participation in a religious campaign and at the same time bid them with shame to take the lowest seat. No; it was *not* tactful, any more than was the genial idea of providing nurses through a committee from which the nursing profession was carelessly—or carefully—excluded. And what of the well-meant, if slightly inappropriate, consideration which caused those responsible for sending prisoners' wives to meet their husbands in Switzerland to supply the afore-mentioned wives with snow-shoes—at this season of the year? At least, so the newspapers had it, and no self-respecting journalist could possibly be guilty of so tactless an invention.

EFEMERA

"No, it was not tactful"

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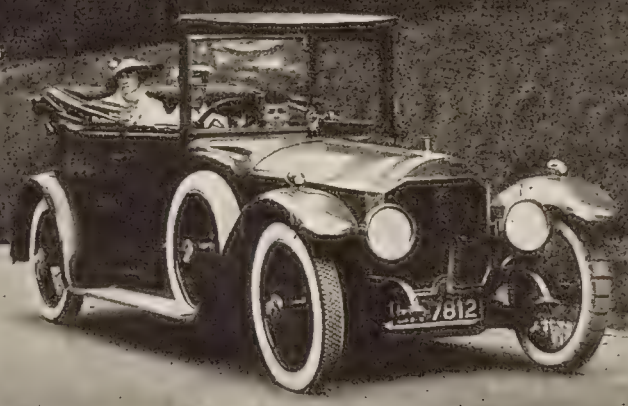

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"THE GIRL FROM CIRO'S" AT THE GARRICK

BY "JINGLE."

Illustrated by Norman Morrow

THIS is the usual kind of "French" farce, but it offers so many variations on the old air that it seems in places to be almost a new tune. In any case, it is a highly diverting example of what is understood to be the usual difficulty that faces a Frenchman on his marriage, when he is heartlessly called upon to sever cherished friendships that ought never to have been made. There is no noticeable fastidiousness with respect to calling a spade by its plain, unvarnished name. Indeed, one of the most amusing features I find in the production is the simple frankness of the dialogue, which becomes humorous from the mere fact that it is not usual to say such things aloud. The play has evidently been written for popular consumption, and, as far as I am in a position to judge, it answers its purpose admirably. The story as I listened to it was followed with obvious delight by a crowded house. The laughter was long and continuous, and was punctuated here and there by apposite comments that apparently escaped friendly critics in the pit in an unguarded moment of enthusiasm.

BEFORE I had seen this play I was vain enough to think I had heard or read of all the possible permutations of matrimonial irregularity. It seems, however, that even I do not know everything. The first act is quite on conventional lines—that is to say, a good deal of time is necessarily taken up in defining the relations of the characters each to each; and as we know, in a "French" farce these are likely to be complicated. There is, for instance, a young man of the name of Dupont (Mr. Donald Calthrop), who has two thousand a year and no work to do, and, consequently, the proverbial job is found for his idle hands. He belongs to a sort of night-club which meets at Ciro's and provides its members with all the facilities necessary for leading what I believe is known as a gay

(*Continued on page 198*)

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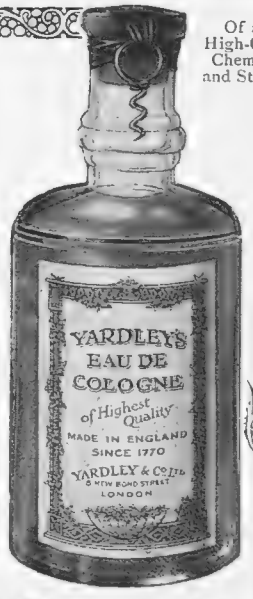

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 196)

"THE GIRL FROM CIRO'S," AT THE GARRICK

life. Another member of the club is Mlle. Cecille (Miss Madge Lessing). Dupont and Cecille are very much in love with each other, and, being members of the same night-club, they have, naturally, a good many facilities for meeting.

⁂

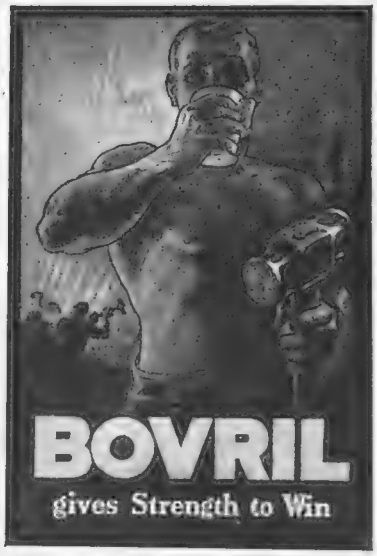
It chances that Madame des Guettes (Miss Lottie Venne) is out on the warpath seeking a suitable husband for her young and lovely daughter Renée, the same being very adequately represented by Miss Lorna Della. And since Dupont is single and very eligible, he secures, as it were, the appointment to the vacant post. Having thus become the affianced husband of Renée, Dupont's first duty is, of course, to break with the companions of his wilder hours—definitely, once and for all. N.B.—This is final. As it happens the fair Cecille has already arranged for a country holiday, so that the leave-taking with her is simplicity itself. She leaves under the picturesque delusion that she will soon be with her dear Dupont again, and, as a prudent man, he is careful not to shatter her rosy dreams.

⁂

It is at this point that the old story acquires a freshness of treatment that is, no doubt, the secret of its success. In the second act we find Dupont in residence at Mme. des Guettes' country house. The civil marriage has already taken place, and the religious ceremony is fixed for the following day. The interval between the two ceremonies is supposed to leave the precise relationship of the young people a little undefined, and full advantage is taken in the dialogue of the anomalous position of the husband who is sufficiently married to be liable for his wife's bills, but not sufficiently to allow him to print a chaste kiss upon her snow-white brow. It is during the continuance of this natural state of embarrassment that the Bohemian friends of Dupont's past arrive on the scene. It turns out that they are all people who lead double lives. In one life they are night-birds of the howlingest kind, and in another they are highly esteemed members of a *bourgeois* community, noted for their simple tastes and homely ways. Mlle. Cecille, in particular, has a lovely reputation in the countryside for piety and good works, and it is with something like the nimbus of sanctity upon her that she crosses the astounded Dupont's path again. The placing of the other members of Ciro's in the calm serenity of the domestic hearth is a distinctly amusing feature of the play, and the complications that arise at this point are quite admirable in their ingenuity. Indeed, it is to this ingenuity rather than to any brilliant subtleties of dialogue that the success of the play must be due.

JINGLE

A Munition Worker and BOVRIL



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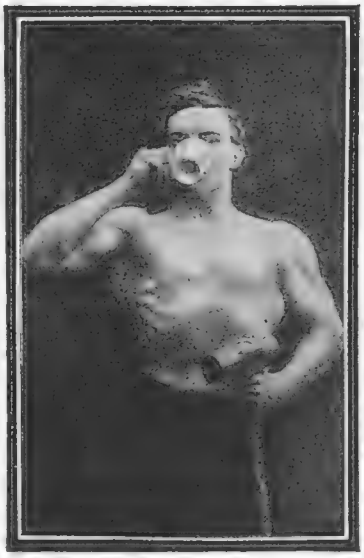
(Signed) Leon Clark.



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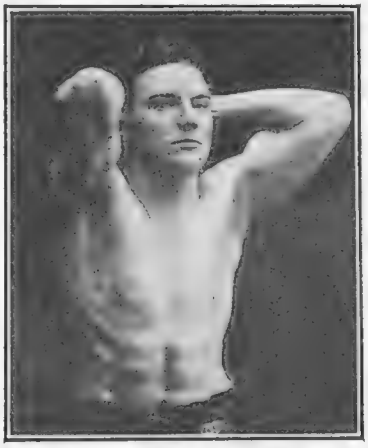

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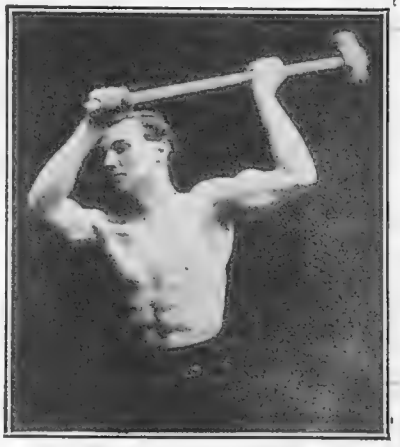

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Miss Mary Glynne

Camera Study by *Bertram Park*

A Portrait of the brilliant young actress who recently appeared in Harold Brighouse's Comedy "The Clock Goes Round" at the Globe Theatre. By a regrettable inadvertence the portrait published in our issue of the 11th instant supplied to us by the photographer was not, as represented by him, a portrait of Miss Mary Glynne, and we are pleased now to be able to publish the above charming study

MUSICAL NOTES

OPERA AGAIN

THE production of *Samson and Delilah* at the Aldwych gave us the best performance yet achieved by Sir Thomas Beecham's admirable company. For not only were the individual artists excellent, but the *ensemble* and the *mise-en-scène* left nothing to be desired. Not since the war commenced have I heard any operatic singing better than that of Frederick Blamey and Edna Thornton in the second act; moreover, a fine new bass with a voice of beautifully soft quality seems to have been discovered in Norman Allin. His name is unfamiliar to me, but I do not think that many months will pass before it is familiar to everybody. Even the ballet was good. Only in the orchestra might there with advantage have been a trifle more "liveliness." As a conductor Mr. Percy Pitt lacks enthusiasm.

⁂ ⁂

IT is not the habit of the Musical Bystander thus to give pride of place to artists and performances, but really in this instance it would be unfair to do otherwise. The performers were, in fact, more interesting than the opera. Not that *Samson and Delilah* is a peculiarly bad work. On the contrary, Saint-Saëns has, at any rate, succeeded—and how many fail!—in writing an effective opera, with plenty of ingenuity and some fine musicianship on every page. But (minus the ingenuity and the musicianship) the same might be said of *Pagliacci;* and I have yet to meet the musician who regards that very popular work as a serious contribution to musical literature.

⁂ ⁂

Samson is better than that, of course, but it is, I'm afraid, thoroughly *posticke*. Curiously enough, the popular "bits" of it are probably the best. There is real Saint-Saëns in *Mon cœur s'ouvré à ta voix,* beloved of deep-chested contraltos; and the well-known female chorus and the duet, in canon, in honour of Dagon are very attractive; but, from the musician's point of view, the rest is rather poor stuff, clever but quite insincere. You do not feel that the composer cared one way or another about either Jehovah or Dagon. He merely worships both alternately, the first in the very best up-to-date Handel, the latter in a mixture of late Verdi, Wagner and water. Samson himself is musically but Siegfried *manqué*. Delilah has the best of it—and how much more even Gounod would have made of her! No; *Samson and Delilah* is emphatically not a first-class work; the best that can be said of it is that it serves to make an evening pass agreeably, provided the performance be really good.

FRANCIS TOYE

"Heaven in Hades"

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley visualise the lighter side of a drab war.

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Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

NOTE BY EDITOR.—*The intention of these letters is to clear up to our French friends some of the mysteries of life in "Blighty." Our contributor is well known in Paris, where he has discharged important duties, and is now similarly engaged in London.*

THE NEW ATMOSPHERE

CHER AMI—

THERE is a new atmosphere hovering over London these days and nights—an atmosphere difficult to describe. You noticed it when you were here, and remarked, wonderingly, upon it. I am not trying to pay you a clumsy compliment by saying that it is altogether a Gallic atmosphere, although there is much that is French in our present outlook and mode of life. By this I mean that, in spite of the perpetual horrors of war laid daily before us, we are as Londoners, so to speak, tightened up to a great endeavour, be it towards laughter or grim resolve; and some of the cords which bind us together are of French manufacture. Knowing France as I do, I see your people's influence portrayed in many phases of our changing national temperament. It is largely because, as Allies, we have invaded each other's territory—we to fight upon yours (*faute de mieux*) and you to seek refuge in such large numbers upon ours. Moreover, there is a ceaseless passage between England and France, and *vice versâ*, of thousands of men each week of all grades of thought and outlook. Thank God for that!

❀ ❀

YOU will remember how, four short years ago, I went into a famous shop in Regent Street with you to watch you replenish your already extensive wardrobe *à l'Anglais*; and how the salesman concealed but ill his obvious contempt for "one of them ——— foreigners." Try the same man now, and see him run about to please that "smart-looking Frenchman with the decoration on his jacket." I had a similar kind of experience in the first few weeks of war in Paris. It is true my old friends the Parisians had but lately recovered their breath from the exertion caused by throwing flowers and confetti (on a windy day) at our Commander-in-Chief on the boulevards. I was in Paris on forty-eight hours' leave. Your superb infantry had, a few days before, captured some Landsturm colours from *les Boches*. They had been brought to the Capital, and were hanging in state, very new but very torn, in Les Invalides. Two brother-officers of mine wanted to see them. I did not, because when last I had been to Napoleon's Tomb (in the dark, stupid Fashoda days) one of your countrymen employed there had been unwarrantably

(*Continued on page 206*)

Photograph *Vandyk*

MR. CHARLES F. HIGHAM

The well-known publicity expert, a convincing writer and speaker, who has been adopted as Unionist candidate for South Islington at the next General Election

LIAISON LETTERS (concluded from page 205)

rude to me, and I had bitter recollections, being a bad-tempered man!

❀ ❀

HOWEVER, these insular pals of mine were "afraid" to go alone, because of the 'foreign" crowd. We shuffled our way with half Paris (it was *Dimanche*) up the broad approach, and finally through into the chapel behind the tomb of your greatest man. Our khaki—very dirty, I fear—attracted unusual attention, to our great discomfiture. We admired the black and white colours of the German regiment, hanging blatantly alone for all to see. All round the walls were tattered and dust-laden relics of Napoleonic campaigns, flags of all Europe hung there, a fitting testimony to his fame. Suddenly one of my companions noticed something which made him nudge me and point with his finger. Opposite hung two faded English colours—a Regimental and a Royal Standard. An old French gentleman standing next us may have seen one of us wince (I hope not), for he came in front of us, and, bowing gracefully, said in French, with a charming smile, and motioning towards our colours: "Messieurs, you must not please mind that; you see, Napoleon *was a very impulsive man.*" Do you know of any Englishman who would go out of his way at Westminster Abbey to placate a Frenchman, in the same circumstances? I don't.

❀ ❀

BUT it is not merely in passing *politesse* that you have rubbed some of the Anglo-Saxon edge off us. For one thing, you have walked gracefully in upon our stage, in revue and otherwise. I should be sorry say how many thousands of our fighting men, or erstwhile weeping women, have been cheered, the former to further awful hardships, and the latter to more quiet, patient, waiting, by that incomparable Parisian couple in the little theatre tucked away at the back of the Seven Dials. The impossibly tall Frenchman, at home in any part, whose facial expressions are like flickering lights on still water; whose every mirth-provoking gesture is the finished product of fun; who merely stands immobile upon the stage and drives war from your mind with a raised eyebrow and outspread hand. And his partner, whose movements have all the grace of France, whose speech has all the fascination of the cleverest women of two centuries. These two have become an institution upon our lighter stage. Albeit they may converse in a language few of us understand, we feel we are *with* them, and the rest doesn't matter.

❀ ❀

WHEN we have laughed ourselves thirsty we stumble, maybe, through the dark streets to the Café Royal; and there again, amid the babel of tongues, we are with France once more, perfectly at home, although vastly in the minority often. Every Ally is represented there, spends long and successive evenings there. Why? Because it is a French place, and in a French resort you can say what you like, think what you like, do what you like, and still maintain your self-respect. This is very natural when you consider that your host's national motto is Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, isn't it?

Bien à toi,

JOHN

"THE MAJOR"

(soliloquizing)

"Quite a discriminating fellow our new Captain . . . said he could offer me a better cigarette than I was smoking . . . Jove! he was right, too. . . . A man who can find out a good thing like this won't be long before he gets his majority . . . must make a note to get some . . . What's the name? . . . Ah!"

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to Officers at the Front for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's

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"Army Club"
CIGARETTES.

CAVANDER'S "ARMY MIXTURE."
A mellow, non-bite mixture, 7½d. per oz.

This Series of Advertisements is republished by request.

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The Treatment of INDIGESTION

THE difference between the relief of indigestion and the permanent removal of its cause is a question of treatment. Charcoal treatment is not only palliative—it is definitely curative.

Indigestion, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is caused by the fermentation of undigested food in the digestive tract. This fermentation causes flatulence, distension of the stomach, and acidity; and in the process of putrefaction foul gases arise, causing wind, unpleasant tastes in the mouth, and other discomforts. You may relieve these symptoms by the use of palliative drugs and artificial digestives, but to remove their cause you must arrest the fermentation.

Carbon (charcoal) is not a drug; it has no direct action on any organ of the body; it is neither astringent, aperient, tonic, nor sedative—but it arrests the fermentation. Charcoal has a natural affinity for impurities, seizing upon them, rendering them innocuous and carrying them out of the system.

Charcoal taken internally filters the food in the intestines and prevents the fermentation of waste matter, thus removing the very cause of indigestion. The principle is the same as in the old-fashioned carbon filter for water.

Bragg's Pure Vegetable Charcoal is the only palatable form in which charcoal may be administered. It is essential that charcoal for internal use should be absolutely free from grittiness. Bragg's Charcoal is ground finer than flour by a special process, and is quite tasteless.

You may take Bragg's Charcoal in many forms—as a powder, capsule, lozenge, or (in its most popular form) as a biscuit. Bragg's Charcoal Biscuits are quite pleasant—not at all like medicine—just plain, crisp biscuits—a fitting finish to any meal. In the continued use of Bragg's Charcoal lies the secret of banishing indigestion. Unlike drugs, Bragg's Charcoal can never harm you, and you do not need to be continuously increasing the dose.

You are invited to send for a week's free supply to-day. Send four penny stamps to J. L. Bragg, Ltd., 14, Wigmore Street, London W., for a generous free sample. Please mention THE BYSTANDER, or fill in the coupon at foot.

All Doctors recommend BRAGG'S CHARCOAL.

All Chemists sell BRAGG'S CHARCOAL.

Biscuits, 1/-, 2/- & 4/- per box.
Powder, 2/- per bottle.
Lozenges, 1/1½ per box.
Tablets, 1/1½ per box.
Capsules, 2/- per box.

Cut this Coupon out and post to J. L. BRAGG, Ltd., 14, Wigmore St., London, W.

"By."

Send me a free sample 1s. tin of Bragg's Charcoal Biscuits, Capsules and Lozenges, and I will give the remedy a fair trial. I enclose 4d. to pay postage.

Cut out this Coupon for a week's free supply.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

COATEE BLOUSE

Many of this Season's Blouses have banques, or are made for wearing outside skirts. The Blouse sketched is a copy of one of our newest Paris Models.

STRIPED VELVET BLOUSE, rich quality soft chiffon finish, trimmed with fur and caught in at waist with large button. In dark soft shades for wearing with tweeds and serges.

Special Price
29/6

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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.
By Special Royal Warrants to H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.I.M. Empress of Russia. The Queen of Norway.

The "VILLARS."

ROBERT HEATH'S (of Knightsbridge) new Cap is the most comfortable ever made for all War Work. It is reversible, one side being Black Waterproof Velvet, the other Shot Waterproof Silk of any colour desired. Tied either under the chin or in a bow at the back. No Pins are required. It is absolutely secure fitting and cannot blow off in any weather. Price **33/6**

"AN IDEAL CAP FOR LADY CHAUFFEURS.

"The largest stock of Exclusive Designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, Double Terais in the World."

ROBERT HEATH, Ltd.,
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.
ONLY ADDRESS

Books of the Week

LIGHT-HEARTED LITERATURE

"My Wife"

Mr. Edward Burke's *My Wife* (Jenkins: 5*s.* net) is the sort of light-hearted frolic which you would naturally expect from the author of *Bachelor's Buttons*. It only differs from its amusing predecessor in the fact that the war intrudes. Consequently you have the two very modern and slangy children keen for their rather lazy father to "do his bit"; you have the arrival of the lady gardener, and you have the new type of young "knut" who is really happy only when he is smashing W.O. property or taking horrible risks which frighten everybody except himself. Quite a book to get hold of in an odd hour.

E. V. L.

Mr. E. V. Lucas's two autumn books are an entertainment in themselves. It may be that the more seriously minded will prefer the new volume of essays to the new novel. And yet *Cloud and Silver* (Methuen: 5*s.* net) and *The Vermilion Box* (Methuen: 5*s.* net) are not extremely dissimilar. The war, of course, intrudes into both—to a large extent in the essays and to the whole extent in the novel. *Cloud and Silver* contains a series of war vignettes in France in addition to the further supply of those delicate pieces on all manner of subjects which so often embroider the pages of *Punch*.

Letters

The Vermilion Box is just a series of letters written to and from various members of a typical British family which finds itself swept up into the tornado of war. There are, for your amusement, the lugubrious letters of George Wiston, most dreadful of pessimists, who is invariably writing to the newspapers under one or other of the good old pseudonyms. You imagine that nothing would give Mr. Wiston greater pleasure than to hear that every member of the Government had been drowned by a Hun submarine. Then there are the sane, well-balanced letters of Richard Haven, cheeriest of optimists—one or two of these, I fancy, have already appeared in *Punch*—and a batch of such letters as only womenfolk can write to each other.

Romance from a Joke

Also, of course, there is a delightful romance which began with a joke. You have seen in the agony column of the *Times* those frequent appeals for correspondence from "Lonely Subalterns." Here Mr. Lucas elaborates the joke into a pretty story, which loses nothing because it is as old as the hills. For all its light-heartedness the book has a real value. These letters really show in what manner the nation has changed. It is a little odd, by the way, that no one before Mr. Lucas should have thought of so excellent a title for a novel told in letters. R. S.

Barkers of Kensington

RECOGNISED AS THE LEADING CORSET HOUSE

A Complete range of the new Autumn Models of

Royal Worcester Corsets

NEVER before has the style of the Season been accorded such a royal welcome from so many ladies as this Autumn's vogue.

But the faithful interpretation of Fashion's ideals depends very materially upon correct corseting.

We are now showing *replicas* of the most exclusive Royal Worcester shapes in cheaper qualities.

New CORSET BOOK post free on request.

The illustration represents

MODEL 853.

Latest model for the new silhouette, ensuring the correct contour. Low bust. Average figures. In dainty and durable broché, white or pink. Sizes 20 to 30 inches.

Price **21/9**

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO ORDERS RECEIVED BY POST.

JOHN BARKER & COMPANY, Ltd.
KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

IRISH DISTRESSED LADIES' FUND

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THE COMMITTEE EARNESTLY APPEAL for the maintenance of those ladies who were left provided for by charges on Irish land property, who are incapacitated by age or infirmity from earning a living, and who, owing to the non-receipt of their incomes, are in absolute poverty. This old-established charity almost entirely supports these ladies, and, if funds are not forthcoming, their small PENSIONS WILL HAVE TO BE DISCONTINUED, which would inflict very great hardship on them, many of whom are aged.

THE WORK DEPOT assists Irish Ladies to earn their living, and the Committee earnestly asks friends requiring hand-made lingerie, blouses, embroidery, marking, &c., to

ASSIST THE CHARITY BY GIVING ORDERS.

Office and Work Depot: 7a, Lower Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.
Will generous Donors kindly mention THE BYSTANDER when writing?

About CANADIAN BADGES

We have specialised in the manufacture of all Badges for Canadian Overseas Battalions, and hold over 500 dies. We can deliver any new Cap or Collar Badge in 21 days on receipt of pattern.

We also make any Badge in brooch form as souvenir.

Special set for collectors of 50 Badges, all different, £2 0 0. 100, all different, £4 0 0

Write for quotations and patterns from the actual makers—

J. W. TIPTAFT & SON, LTD.
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'Phone: Central 6661
Telegraphic Address "Tiptaft, Birmingham."
Contractors to H.M. Government

Halve Your Meat Bill

Halve your meat bill by using FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. Soups and provide more enjoyable and nourishing meals. FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence.

Oxtail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Pea, Lentil, Green Pea, Tomato, Hare, and Kidney.

You Simply add Water.

Supplied by all Grocers & Stores. Foster Clark, Ltd., Maidstone.

Foster Clark's 2D SOUPS

THE THRESHER

By appointment to H.M The King.

THE "come-what-may" campaigning coat. 10,000 officers wear it, numerous imitators copy it.
Instantly adapted to meet changing conditions, it gives complete immunity against wind, wet or cold, and is built to "see the war through."
Your "Thresher" is the genuine article if it bears the Thresher and Glenny label.

Trench Coat, with detachable "Kamelcott" Lining £6 6
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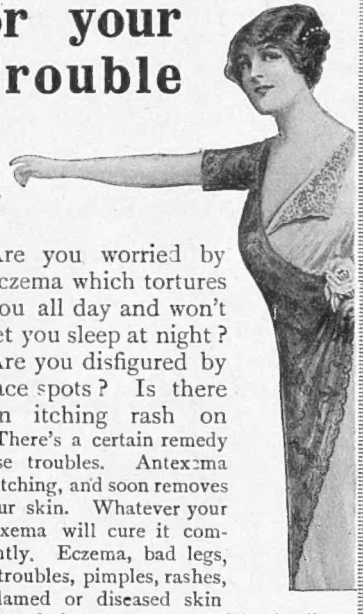
Trench Coat, Cavalry type, Knee Flaps and Saddle Gusset, 15/6 extra.

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering.

Trench Coats in Ladies' sizes can be obtained from Threshers, 5, Conduit Street, W.

THRESHER & GLENNY,
152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON.
MILITARY TAILORS. EST. 1755.

That's what You want for your Skin Trouble



Are you worried by eczema which tortures you all day and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops the itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, baby skin troubles, pimples, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, new skin begins to grow, every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army & Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridges', Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co, Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows' at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or post free, in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/- from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

JUST THE THING

for Dark and Wet Evenings

THE VERY LATEST

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

About 22 x 15. Beautifully Cut.

"The Canadians at Ypres"

(Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1916).

500 Pieces. Price 17/6. Post Free in the U.K.

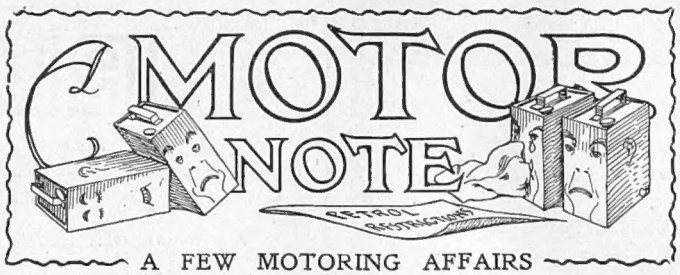
or the picture only (in colours) mounted ready for framing, price 12/6.

Write for lists of "The Graphic" and "The Bystander" (Bairnsfather) Jig-Saw Puzzles.

Prices from 1/4 to 37/6. Post Free in the U.K.

Made and sold exclusively by

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY,
190, Strand, London, W.C.



Motoring by 'Bus

Upon my life there are some motoring advantages to be had out of war conditions. You may not be able to afford the cost of a car, but usually you can afford the cost of a 'bus; and although there are very many drawbacks to 'bus motoring, at any rate there is always the economy of it, and, incidentally, the surprise at the expanse of country which can be covered in that democratic way. As the *Auto* pointed out the other day, you can make a round trip of about fifty miles, taking in Reigate, Dorking, Leatherhead, and Epsom; and although it occupies well over six hours, it costs no more than 2*s.* 7*d.* In addition, there are other trips to be had, which, with changes, touch Brighton, Hastings, and Margate, and these, again, are similarly economical. So that, if time is not a material consideration, and merely the recreation is required, there are many worse ways of going a-motoring these days than by motor-'bus. There's something of the adventure about it also—certainly there is a new point of view. Almost as certainly there is the satisfaction of knowing that you haven't been stuck by a petrol company or committee; while, given that you do not have to fight for your seat, there are no considerable discomforts to worry about.

Utopia Ahead

Which suggests that the time will not be so long in coming before the motor vehicle of public service will have linked up, either intimately or, at any rate, possibly, most rustic places with towns; and we shall be within hail of that one-time Utopia of the reformer who could see (with half an eye) that one considerable factor in the solution of the "Back to the land to enable England to feed herself" problem must be the machinery for humanising the bovine conditions of agriculture. No one has yet been able to dissociate a system of mechanical road haulage (which would connect the village with the urban district at very democratic cost) from such a scheme; and no one has failed to see that the motor vehicle was the only possible mode. We are learning many bitter lessons from the war, and it is something to discover one lesson which, properly learned, may be wholly gratifying in its result and not unpleasant in the processes of its digestion.

Trade Consulates

The Daimler Company are certainly to be congratulated upon their enterprise in sending a scout through the likely territories of the world with a view to the perfection of their organisation for the purposes of trade after the war. The Scout is a man who has won badges (what are those decorations Scouts wear on their sleeves?) for acumen and the lightly lidded eye, and he should be able to see whatever there is to be seen in the countries he explores. We have just got to take time by the forelock if we are not, once again, going to "get there second"; and it is something of a rare thing in pities that the motor trade society has not yet sent out *its* ambassador. The trade-after-the-war department ought to be the most important of all departments in the organisation of British firms manufacturing so considerable a commodity as a motor-car, and the collective intelligence of these firms, represented through the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, should certainly be equal to seeing the necessity for trade consuls in those territories (particularly British) where the market is presently likely to be.

* * *

The Accepted Time

The trade consul idea requires to be hammered more than it has

(*Continued on page 212*)

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE V.
Mappin & Webb LTD.
Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.
Plain Sterling Silver Toilet Service, Chippendale design.
Special Catalogue Post Free
Hand Mirror, £3 0 0
Hair Brush, 35/-
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Cut Glass Scent Bottle, 30/-
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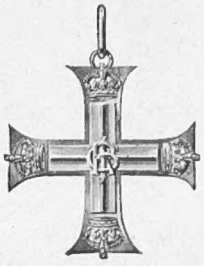
158-162, OXFORD STREET, W. 172, REGENT STREET, W. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
Manufactory and Showrooms: ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

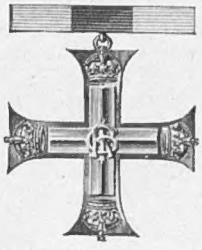
Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

THE MILITARY CROSS.



No. 603—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Pendant, £2 15 0. As Brooch, £3



No. 604—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Brooch Pendant, with Bar Enamelled in Colours to represent Ribbon - - - - £3 15 0

THESE MINIATURES OF THE MILITARY CROSS ARE MADE IN SOLID 18ct. GOLD, FRONTED WITH PURE PALLADIUM.

The Whisky for Connoisseurs

TUCKEY'S

Ten Years Old

Pure Malt Whisky

per **57/-** doz.

Case Free and Carriage Paid.
Soft, Mellow, Old Pot Still Scotch Whisky. Sample Bottle, post free, **5/3.**

The "Lancet" says:
"It is well adapted for dietetic purposes owing to its purity and quality."

12 Years Old Liqueur Whisky.
60/- per doz. **5/6** per bottle.

Chas. Tuckey & Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. Y), 3, Mincing Lane, E.C.

Natural Beauty

Do not fall into the somewhat common error of imagining that a complexion treatment must necessarily result in artificiality. Entirely the opposite is the outcome of a Pomeroy Face Treatment, which is the skilful use of massage on approved lines and of special tonics and skin foods. This treatment is not to hide blemishes, but to remove them and prevent their recurrence. It adds definite charm to any face.

POMEROY

TREATMENT ROOMS

CONSULTATION FREE.

MRS. POMEROY, Ltd., 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.

Liverpool: 114, Bold St. (corner of Colquitt St.); Manchester: 10, St. Ann's Square; Glasgow: 281, Sauchiehall St. Dublin: 67, Grafton St.
Special Agencies: Aberdeen, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Cork.

The SUPER CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA

Spinet

CIGARETTE

Tins of 20 for 1/-
Boxes of 50 for 2/6

R & J HILL LTD. LONDON

TRIPLEX Safety GLASS

GOGGLES, WINDSCREENS, AND WINDOWS.

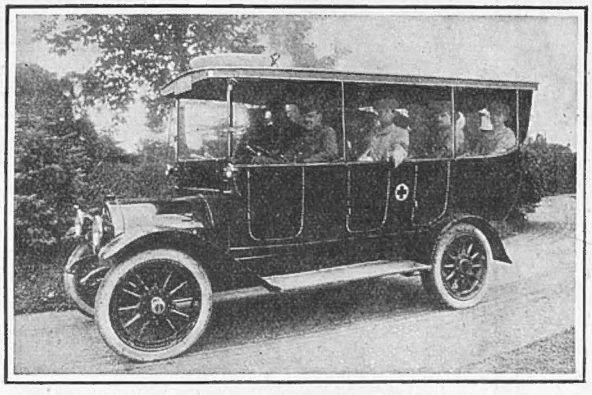
MOTORING (*concluded from page 210*)

been. Quite a lot, probably most, of the trouble we have had in markets outside our own shores has been, directly or indirectly, due to the absence of the trade consul with his bureau of information attached. Three parts of the job of a national consul is commercial, and the only reason why he is not more generally used by the trade interests, is because he is not sufficiently equipped with particular information. The consul of the motor trade (or any other trade big enough to justify the existence of a special representative) could be as intimately in touch with the home producer as the home producer is now with his own immediate national market. This is one of the things that will be done presently. Why not now? *Now* is the accepted time; now is the day of economic salvation.

* * *

Temp. Officers A.S.C., M.T.

I SUPPOSE the *Autocar* is talking of what it knows when it protests that the engineers who joined the A.S.C., M.T., are being passed over (when promotions are handed out) in favour of the regular officers of the A.S.C., who are largely horse transport men. So far, however, as I have been able to observe from my own knowledge the temporary officers of the M.T. have been getting along comparatively well. I suppose I know at least a round dozen such, and I cannot think of one who is still a junior sub. They are all captains and majors. I daresay there are others who have failed to catch the eye of the C.O., and it may be that the number is considerable enough to justify the *Autocar's* comment; but it does not look like it.



CANADIANS AT "THE COTTAGE"

"The Cottage" is at Cox Green, Maidenhead, where Priscilla Countess Annesley recently entertained wounded soldiers from the Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital. A Buick motor char-à-banc carried the men

* * *

Rumanian Oil

GERMANY has simply got to keep hold of some oilfields somewhere. With Russia threatening again to cut off the Galician supplies, and with the Rumanian fields barred to them, the outlook is unprettily black. The consumption of motor spirit by the armies of the Central Powers must still be enormous, and upon the existence of adequate supplies the maintenance of effective resistence depends. It is fairly certain, therefore, that one of the factors impelling Germany to overrun Rumania is this factor of fuel. Germany can do without rubber if put to the pinch—is doing without it to a very large extent—but not oil. The Rumanian fuel output last year was 1,672,620 tons.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Motorists! Send for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue replete with useful, interesting information on how to obtain better light with no trouble at lower cost.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

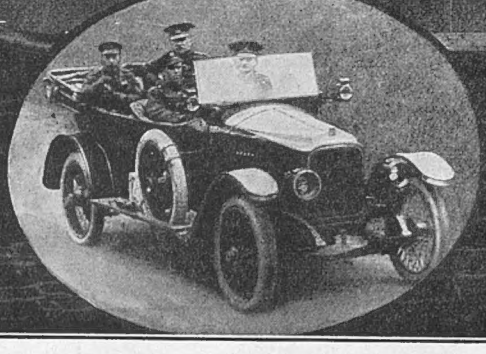
Carry on! Let WARLAND DUAL RIMS assist. They are an absolute guarantee against the delays, inconveniences and most of the costs of tyre trouble.—WARLAND RIMS, Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland Street, London.

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

THE abilities of British engineers and the resources of British factories have been turned to account in many different ways in the prosecution of the war. Note that the Vauxhall motor car factory has been kept engaged by His Majesty's Government on the production of—*motor cars;* and for months past, of staff cars exclusively.

VAUXHALL cars will be ready for sale immediately war work ceases, but as our waiting list is steadily growing, orders should be booked now to secure favourable delivery. Allow us to send you particulars of our waiting list plan.

Vauxhall Motors Limited
174—182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET
LONDON, W. And at PETROGRAD
Works: LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE



The car here illustrated (in which His Majesty the King is seated) is one of the 25 h.p. Vauxhall

WHY? Obviously because the Vauxhall cars were found to be exceptionally good. They have now long been known as "the finest cars on active service." As a testimony to present merit, and as a guarantee of future excellence, there can be nothing more convincing than this success of the Vauxhall in fulfilling military requirements.

Staff cars which are adding to the Vauxhall reputation by their splendid service at the front.